

GRAPHIC

Vol. XXI. No. 19

Los Angeles, Cal., December 10, 1904

Price, 10 Cents

Helen Buckley, Soprano



Una Fairweather, Contralto



SOLOISTS IN THE APOLLO CLUB'S PRODUCTION OF
"THE MESSIAH"
AT HAZARD'S PAULION, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16.



Spencer Robinson, Tenor



J. W. Lince, Basso

GRAPHIC

Published every week at
123 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., by
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
R. H. Hay Chapman, Editor Winfield Scott, Mgr.
Home Phone 5354 Sunset James 7331

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : : : \$2.50 Per Year
Single Copies, 10 cents.
Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) \$3.50 a year.
Sample copies and advertising rates sent on application.
For sale by all news dealers.

Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE GRAPHIC is mailed to subscribers every Thursday and
should be received in this city and vicinity not later
than Friday. Please report delays to this office.

Matters of Moment

A Red Letter Election

Monday, December 5, 1904 should be a red letter day in the civic history of Los Angeles, marking the obliteration of party lines in municipal affairs, and the victory of civic righteousness. The importance of the event cannot be measured, but it supplies a lesson than once learned should never be forgotten. The people in their wisdom have revolted from nonsensical slavery to political partisanship, which has so long confounded them and made the administration of American municipalities a byword. The buccaneers, who captured the Republican city convention and outraged the decent sense of the community by nominating the wastrel Werdin for re-election as superintendent of streets and who capped that climax by insolently repudiating a non-partisan board of education, have been completely routed and rebuked. Werdin's defeat by nearly ten thousand votes—five out of every seven citizens voting against him—is a tremendous and most righteous castigation of an unfaithful public servant, but the personal element pales to insignificance in comparison with the now established fact that voters can no longer be led by the nose by self-interested politicians and that a powerful political machine is impotent against the force of the people's will when once aroused.

Last Monday marks a reformation in municipal conduct, in that for the first time in Los Angeles the Forces of Good Government have been marshaled and concentrated for efficiency. Months ago the **Graphic** hammered in the truth that Reformers as long as they are content to sit on the surrounding high places and to criticise the combatants are futile in the fight. We declared that to be effective the Municipal League must build a machine of its own, that engines of war must be used instead of the balloons of observation. The Municipal League girded up its loins and came down to the plains of battle. Its campaign was laid out on scientific lines and waged with masterly skill. Triumph crowned its efforts. The business men, who applied their honest, energetic rules of business to politics, proved more than a match for the professional politicians. The precedent has been established, and

the routed pirates of municipal politics have been taught a severe and much needed lesson.

The **Graphic** advocated a man for mayor. A man has been elected. We prefer to read no homily over Mr. Snyder's obsequies. He has taken his defeat with characteristic bonhomie and long ago wrote his own epitaph when he abandoned a backbone and became a mollusk. Owen McAleer is a strong, clear cut example of American manhood. He may have some things to learn but he knows the most important of all—Duty and Self Reliance.

With the single exception of the City Assessor, every candidate advocated by the **Graphic** was elected. We do not congratulate ourselves so much on the result as on the fact that the choice of every candidate supported by the **Graphic** was dictated solely and strictly by non-partisan consideration, by endeavoring to champion the men best fitted for office.

Los Angeles deserves the heartiest congratulation in that she has burst asunder the bonds of partisanship, that she has escaped a slavery that could only lead to her undoing. In the moment of victory the champions of good government will not forget that much remains to be done, that corrupting influences will ever be at work and that they can only be counteracted by eternal vigilance and hard work.

Meredith P. Snyder was as chirpy as ever as he walked to the City Hall last Tuesday morning. A Fresh Fellow accosted him and said: "Hello, Mayor, I don't believe the biggest fool in Los Angeles could make you laugh this morning." Whereupon Snyder rejoined in a solemn tone, "Just try."

The Enemy of Good Government

The Los Angeles Times is a tremendous factor in the the life of this community for good or evil. Its success is of gigantic proportions, measured in money, and its growth has been even beyond the California standard of phenomenal pumpkins. To-day it boasts the largest advertising patronage of any daily publication in the world. But the Times's responsibilities are just as big as its revenues. While Gen. Otis and his colleagues are properly proud of their achievement, how conscious are they of the use or abuse of their responsibilities?

For years the observant citizen, while he might dislike intensely the personality of the Times's editor and might revolt from his rule or ruin policy, believed implicitly in Gen. Otis's incorruptibility. He might often be wrong, he might often be brutal, but that he would ever succumb to the character ravishing greed for gold, few believed. His attitude toward political candidates might be prejudiced or grossly unfair but he was given the credit for integrity of motive, although his perspective of fair play was hopelessly dwarfed.

The unclean politician, the grafter, the enemies of good government were fought by the Times with merciless energy. On such firm ground was founded the faith of the people in the Times.

Within a few years Gen. Otis became a rich man, and as his wealth grew his conscience shrunk. With the deterioration of the editorial conscience, the political influence of the paper has diminished

so extraordinarily, despite its still ascendant commercial success, that there is hardly a citizen today who if he were seeking political office would not prefer the Times's antagonism to its support.

In the late city campaign the people have seen to what lengths the Times would go to defend its own pecuniary interests. Months ago the Times wantonly bartered its character for a mess of pottage—the city printing contract. To obtain that contract the Times placed itself under obligations to three of the most worthless politicians that have ever sat in the council chamber—Nofziger, Bowen and Davenport. When an indignant constituency sought to remove Davenport, the Times became the champion of the man who had sought a seat in the council that he might increase his profits in peddling cigars to saloon keepers. The Times then and there declared itself an enemy of good government and within the last few weeks has done much to confirm that ill fame.

While the Times did not dare to champion openly Werdin, the discredited and repudiated superintendent of streets, it would most certainly have exulted in his re-election. It has outraged the best sense of the community by its savage assaults upon C. D. Willard, the secretary of the Municipal League and foreman of the grand jury. The grand jury's investigations, while insufficient to warrant the indictment of Werdin, convinced the people of the extravagance and irregularities of the street superintendent's office. As a reward for Willard's good work the Times heaped abuse and contumely upon his good name, attributing to him the most unworthy motives and thus doing its utmost, in a negative way, to bolster up Werdin's rotten cause. Werdin regarded the Times's lampoon of Willard and the grand jury's report as his heaviest ammunition, and extracts from the Times formed his last desperate shot in his campaign, which had been characterized by that bluster and abuse with which the Times is naturally in sympathy. Of course, the Times preferred Werdin to Willard. Why? Because Willard had had the temerity to voice his disapproval of the Times's city printing contract and because Werdin was a part and parcel of the combination, formed by Nofziger and Bowen, the two councilmen to whom the Times was mainly obligated for its mess of pottage. Throughout the campaign the Times turned a deaf ear to those striving for good government—although it greedily accepted their money for advertising—and took counsel with Werdin's lieutenants—Nofziger and Bowen.

There can be no more lamentable spectacle than that of a great newspaper wantonly betraying its sacred trust to the people. The goal upon which Gen. Otis's ambitions are set today is that of mammon. He has cast aside the standard of civic righteousness for coin. It is possible that he still deludes himself into the belief that he can serve two masters? If so, he can humbug nobody else, for he has revealed himself as the avowed enemy of good government. It will be a long time before the people can forget that the Times preferred Werdin to Willard.

The lesser lights of society have limited opportunities for going out.



Photo by Steckel

Mayor-Elect Owen McAleer

The Gentle Critic

[One of the causes why today the earth is covered knee-deep in bad books is the namby-pamby spirit of criticism that prevails.—Blackwood's Magazine.]

Oh critic, gird you on your sword,
Nor from your obvious duty shrink;
Impartial blame and praise award
And say just what you think.

Had you for no one's feeling cared
And told our authors what was what,
We should, I doubt not, have been spared
No end of hopeless rot.

But no; you simper, smirk, and bow
To all who think that they can write;
Our critics, so miscalled, are now
So horribly polite.

Ah for a heart that will not melt,
A giant of the long ago
With blood-smeared hands and at his belt
Ten gory scalps a-row.

— — —
"The strongest are not the biggest. An elephant saw a flea on the ground and shouted, 'How dare you walk on my path! I am going to trample you to death.' The flea replied: 'You are very presumptuous to think that you can trample me to death after telling me that you are going to do it.' And the flea hid in a mole hill. The elephant beat the earth with his feet in a rage. But the flea jumped to the top of a tree and sang from there, 'You are big and you are mad, but I'm stronger than you.'"—Charles Wagner.

Character Sketches

XXI.

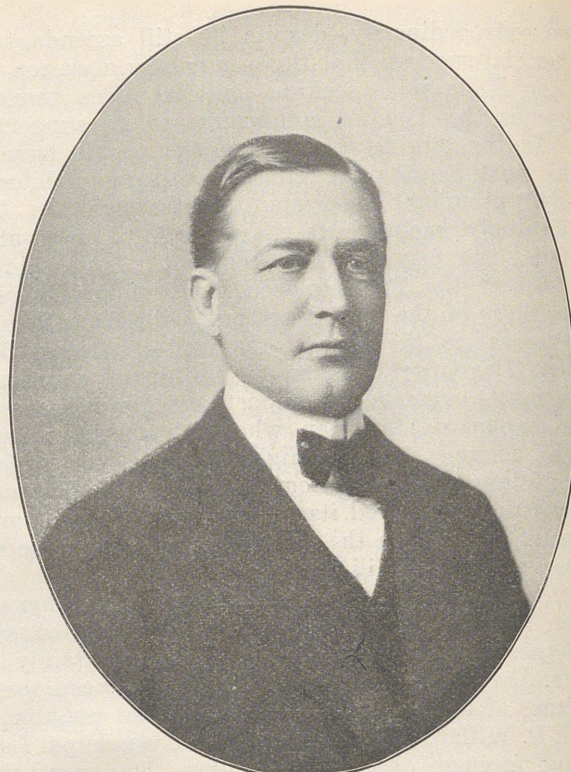
Alexander P. Fleming

That there was a new and very potent factor in the late municipal campaign, the force of which was surely manifest in the election last Monday, the so-called "practical politician" will readily, if not cheerfully, admit. The new factor is, however, eminently practical itself; it is the organization into a mobile body of the forces for civic righteousness. The Municipal League had stripped its fingers of kid gloves and converted its theories into practice. To all organization there must be a head—a "boss," if you will—who, once appointed, must be regarded with implicit confidence and whose word must regulate the machine. The League sought such a man, and found him in Alexander P. Fleming.

Before the campaign Fleming was little known to Los Angeles. He had only been here three years and had not hitherto been conspicuous in civic affairs. As secretary of the Automobile Club of Southern California, however, and as president of the El Camino Real Association, he had already given his associates evidence of the extraordinary energy and the genius for organization of which he is master. For ten years there has been constant and verbose agitation for "Good Roads," but in its brief existence the Automobile Club of Southern California has done more for the improvement of our highways than all the Good Roads Associations and their pamphleteering and paragraphing put together. The club's policy was one of practical demonstration instead of wordy objurgation; its members carried the board of supervisors around in their automobiles, bumped their backbones sore over villainous ruts and revealed to them their sins of omission; it gave the city council similar jaunts and jolts, and finally it helped to bury Street Superintendent Werdin in his own dirt and dust. The Automobile Club will tell you that A. P. Fleming was the inspiration and the consummator of these tactics.

Fleming is a man of medium height and spare build; a compact structure of nervous force and wiry muscles. Though actually fifty-five years of age, he does not look a day over forty. But there are lines in his clean-shaved face that are the vestiges of a life of keen, nervous activity and of reckless energy, that mark the man who would rather work than play and fight than sleep. Impassive in repose, his face lights to tense alertness the moment his mind is aroused, and that is almost incessantly.

He has been a staunch Republican in politics all his life, but he could not stomach some of the nominations of the city convention and promptly resigned from the executive committee. "The Republican party," he said, "must produce the best that is in it, if it is worthy of winning. It has given us some of the worst. I have been in a good many political fights, and I've never lost one yet. But they have always been for a good cause and represented by good men." He accepted the political leadership of the Municipal League with reluctance—it was the first time he had left the ranks of his party—



Alexander P. Fleming

but once in the fight, every ounce of energy, every particle of grey matter, were directed towards victory. Fleming immediately set about organizing his forces in every city precinct, selecting men that he could rely on and keeping in constant touch with them. The League's offices in the Hollenbeck Hotel forthwith became a busy hive of enthusiastic workmen. Nor did he miss a trick in exercising his personal influence. He feared conspiracy in the Eighth Ward. Already he had been interested in the good work that the Rev. Dana Bartlett is doing in that quarter; he secured the minister's warm friendship and active co-operation, and they worked hand in hand throughout the campaign. But he was still fearful of the Eighth Ward on Monday morning. He feared that some of his workers might be tampered with, and his fears were well founded. Shortly after sunrise Fleming was busy in the Eighth, and while still directing his forces throughout the city he spent almost the entire day re-organizing and encouraging his men in the Eighth, where the danger-points lay. He is a good and regular churchman but did not go to church last Sunday. The Sabbath was a fine day for the Werdin men to work their last desperate dodge of creating "sympathy" for "the abused street superintendent upon whom the entire press was jumping without cause!" Up and down Spring street groups of men stood all day discussing the morrow's election and the Werdin "sympathizers" were very eloquent. But up and down Spring street darted Fleming, butting in here with a timely question, and turning the tide there with a joke at Werdin's expense. There is nothing more contagious than sympathy and Fleming was not overlooking any contingencies; he was kept busy all day inoculating anti-toxin, emphasizing the street superintendent's misdeeds and demonstrating that there should be no sympathy with a man who had not been able to answer the grave charges

brought against him; the people whose rights he had abused needed all the sympathy that was coming.

In their desperation, when they realized what a fight Fleming was making, the Werdin ring strained every nerve to dig up something in his past record at which they could cavil. They importuned residents of his former home, Des Moines, Iowa, for ammunition against the man who was such a thorn in their sides. But the miserable pop-gun they at last secured from Des Moines would not even go off, while a handsome artillery of testimonials from Fleming's former neighbors was to hand. When a man's political enemies speak well of him, it is a fairly staunch guaranty of character. Here is a brief extract from a letter from Des Moines that speaks for itself: "I had ample opportunity to know you for we were pulling together sometimes and sometimes in different directions, and I am pleased to say that I never met a more honorable opponent or a truer friend."

Fleming was born in Tipton, Iowa, in 1849. His father died when he was ten years old, and for fifty years his mother presided over the leading hotel in Tipton. Young Fleming had his own way to make and he made it. As a lad he served for four years as deputy clerk of courts in Cedar county and then moved to Webster City. Here for nine years he was in active business for himself in real estate, and received political honors as city clerk and subsequently as justice of the peace. In his boyhood he had never attended any law school, but had borrowed law books from a friend, and studied them assiduously in the spare moments snatched from his duties around his mother's hotel, until he was able to pass a satisfactory examination and was admitted to the bar, entirely on his own resources. In 1892 Fleming moved to Des Moines, Iowa. He practiced law there for a year alone, and then the firm of Bishop, Bowen and Fleming was formed. A large and most successful practice was built up by the partnership which was eventually severed by Mr. Bishop's appointment to the district bench and subsequently to the Supreme Court of Iowa. For six years Mr. Fleming occupied the honorable position of president of the Des Moines Public Library and during his tenure of office a handsome library building was erected. In 1900 his health gave way to the arduous strain of overwork and for a year he rested near Chicago. Three years ago his physicians recommended a milder climate and he came here in the fall of 1901.

Des Moines's loss has been Los Angeles's gain. Mr. Fleming is a man of independent fortune, accumulated by his incessant industry and keen brain. The activities of such men in municipal politics are of incalculable value, but at least we can measure some of the good work consummated last Monday.

JUNIUS.

Seeing no other way of earning a livelihood Pat took to highway robbery. He bought a pistol, and meeting a traveler stopped him with the correct formula, "Yer money or yer life!" Seeing Pat was "green," he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all my money for that pistol." "Agreed!" replied Pat, who forthwith handed over the pistol and received the money in exchange. "Now," said the traveler, "hand back that money or I'll blow your brains out." "Blaze away, my hearty!" replied the Irishman, "niver a taste o' powder there's in it."

By The Way

Waited Six Years.

I don't think any man enjoyed Snyder's defeat to a greater extent than L. V. Glascock, the Boyle Heights Democratic leader. Glascock ran for the council some years ago and was beaten by E. L. Blanchard. I understand that Snyder's followers in that election "traded" Glascock for votes for Snyder and Glascock never forgave this characteristic bit of Snyderian treachery. I met Glascock Wednesday morning on Second street. His face was one vast expanse of smiles, "What are you laughing for?" I said in mock ignorance. "Don't you know Snyder is beaten?" "Don't stop me," replied Glascock. "I've waited six years for this and I'm going to have it out." Other anti-Snyder Democrats like Willard Stimson, S. R. Thorpe, L. G. Parker and Isidore Dockweiler accepted the situation in much the same mood. I am told that Joe Simons, the brick magnate, is authority for a story that Snyder started for Mexico Wednesday morning to dodge the avalanche of votes.

Houghton's Lucky Abuse.

Abused into office by General Otis in the campaign against Davenport and kicked into office by M. W. Conkling! That in effect is the secret of Dr. Houghton's councilmanic successes. Otis and Conkling are a precious pair of political fathers, but they are Houghton's very own. Some appreciative reader of the *Graphic* offers the following suggestion for a comedy leaving it to an inventive genius to supply the filling;

KICKED INTO OFFICE.

A Comedy in Two Acts.

Dramatis Personae.

General Otis—who runs a great newspaper.

A. D. Houghton—a freak in the hands of his friends.

T. D. Fennessy, Labor Agitator, } Three conspirators who
Sam Mitchell, Labor Agitator, } are united by mutual
M. W. Conkling, Politician, } dislike of Otis.

R. H. Norton—a Reformer.

Citizens, "Anarchists," Reporters, Policemen, Etc., Etc., Etc.

I am told that not a few newspaper writers in Los Angeles would have liked to see Tom Savage win for

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Heckel

no other reason than that he would have livened up the meetings and he and Houghton would have provided plenty of "copy."

Lindley ex Machina.

Dr. Walter Lindley should be one of the strong influences in the McAleer administration. He was about the only one of the "organization" Republicans who stood solidly on the McAleer platform from start to finish, a fact that contributed largely to the satisfactory result. It was Dr. Lindley's withdrawal as a candidate that made McAleer's nomination possible. If McAleer is as glad as the doctor that the situation is as it is his cup of joy is overflowing.

Statue to Williams.

T. T. Williams, the most trusted and the most able of Hearst's lieutenants, has been inspecting his principal's Los Angeles property during the past week. Last Monday Williams was lunching with a friend at the California Club, and fate brought them to the table at which H. E. Huntington was sitting. Williams and H. E. had crossed swords many a time and oft in the old days in San Francisco, but there was never any personal animosity between them. H. E. no doubt recognized that Williams was simply carrying out the policies of his principal, and Williams's bluff, good hearted ways, even in political strife, do not invite personal antagonism. Williams paid Mr. Huntington the handsomest compliments on what he has done for Los Angeles, but, turning to others at the table he said, "Now look here, I'm the man who is supposed to have been responsible for Huntington's turning his back on San Francisco and seeking investments for his money and energy elsewhere. If that be so, while Los Angeles owes a whole lot to Mr. Huntington, it owes more to me, and nothing will satisfy me but that a grateful public should recognize my service in sending Huntington here by raising a statue to my memory." H. E. promptly volunteered to provide a site, and George Patton and John Gaffey undertook to raise subscriptions. Then Huntington took Williams in tow and showed him all over his new and magnificent building, of which he is as proud as a boy with a new toy.

The Huntington Building.

And what a truly magnificent building it is! Not of great architectural beauty without, it gives the impression of massiveness and solidity—a business building, which is what Mr. Huntington designed. The ground floor, covering three acres, provides the handsomest and most thoroughly equipped depot in the world. Every possible convenience for passengers has been provided, from a receiving hospital to retiring rooms for ladies. The depot includes a handsome restaurant which I understand, with other concessions, has been leased to the Los Angeles Brewery. H. E. is proud of his new depot, but he is still prouder of the really splendid quarters that he has provided for the Jonathan Club. The Jonathan's new home will be absolutely unique, from the transcendently beautiful view of the city, sea and mountains, to the delightful roof garden, already in bloom. The assembly room will be the

handsomest hall in the city; the main dining room, private dining rooms, billiard room, card room and library are all of princely dimensions and are being decorated in admirable taste. The ladies' annex is on the floor below, and while not of such generous proportions as that of the California Club will sufficiently accommodate the fair sex. In the club's private quarters, a suite of rooms has been reserved for Mr. Huntington and here he will make his headquarters while in Los Angeles; adjoining his rooms are those of his son, Howard. Among other members who will maintain permanent quarters at the Jonathan are Gen. M. H. Sherman, A. P. Schindler, general manager of the Pacific Electric Railway, and Finlay Shepard, superintendent of the Santa Fe. The new Jonathan Club will undoubtedly be one of the most impressive "sights" of Los Angeles.

The Three H's.

Mr. Huntington left last Monday for New York and it is doubtful if he will be back again in time for the Jonathan Club's opening. "My movements are uncertain," he said to me before leaving. "You see I came here in August expecting to stay two weeks, and I've been here over three months. But you can be perfectly certain that I won't stay away a day longer than I can help." Speculation is rife as to the outcome of I. W. Hellman's opposition to Huntington's progressive schemes, but apparently H. E. does not worry much about I. W.'s cold feet beyond regretting a friend's personal discomfiture. "What does Hellman think of Harriman now?" some one ventured to ask Huntington. "Ask him in fifty or sixty days," snapped back H. E. with a chuckle.

The Rev. Dr. — was met by two drouthy parishioners on the manse road one day. Stopping to speak to him one said, "Eh but, doctor, hiv ye heard the news? The deil's deid, an' you're oot o' a job." "Ah well," replied the minister, "I'll away home and pray for two fatherless bairns."

For a Diversion.

Judge J. B. Banning was surprised and perhaps not consumed with wrath to find on his return from Europe recently that the versatile Jim Mellus had launched a boom for the Judge as United States senator. All that is needed to complete the effectiveness of the boom would be for the Judge to put Mellus in charge of his campaign with a good sized "barrel," in Sacramento—it would be effective in giving Jim and the correspondents the time of their lives.

Dr. Haynes's Dinner.

Dr. John R. Haynes, the Father of Direct Legislation, learned a thing or two at Sacramento two years ago, when he was striving to convert legislators to the virtues of the Initiative and the Referendum. He made many friends by his obvious integrity of purpose, by the pure disinterestedness with which he urged that the Will of the People must prevail in a true Democracy. But last Wednesday night he sought the hearts of the legislators through the most direct and efficient channels. He invited the entire Southern delegation to dine with him at the California club. After faring sumptuously they digested with greater ease the problems of Direct Legislation, and to their joy next morning found that they did not disagree. The doctor was modest in his demands

but most generous in his supply. To Gen. Prescott were deputed the duties of toastmaster and he fulfilled them so well that everybody present had a chance to speak. It is safe to predict that the Southern California delegation at Sacramento next month will be solid for all the kind of direct legislation that Dr. Haynes provided last Wednesday evening.

Their Saving Clause.

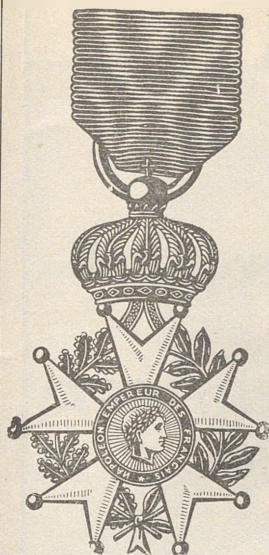
Assemblyman Pyle and State Senator Greenwell of Santa Barbara county are plainly not to be counted upon by the Bard managers. Neither will bind himself in a strictly Bard caucus; both will vote for Bard as long as they do not feel that their votes will elect him. Both are strictly "organization" men and will vote for whomever the machine orders when the real test comes. I believe that they would prefer to have Oxnard the man on the program.

The Old and the New.

Dr. H. Bert Ellis, the chairman of the retiring Board of Education, and his energetic colleague, Charles Monroe, will entertain at dinner next Thursday evening at the California club. Their guests will be the members of the old and the new boards, Superintendent Foshay and his assistants and City Attorney Mathews. The dinner will provide an opportunity for the seven new non-partisan members to become acquainted with their nine predecessors. The old Board retires full of honors and leaving its successors a goodly heritage. During their own term the Board was severely handicapped, and the taxpayer mulcted, because the City Council, instead of the Board of Education, had the spending of the money. The next half million dollars to be spent on the city schools will never touch the hands of the council. The Board of Supervisors will call a bond election to raise that amount for the Los Angeles school district, and the Board of Education will handle the funds for itself. Besides the prospective half million the new Board will fall heirs to the \$90,000 which H. E. Huntington last Wednesday night agreed to pay for the Sixth street school site. There has been some speculation as to what Mr. Huntington intends to do with the site, which lies directly east of the Huntington building. I understand on this site will be built his yards for the rapidly increasing "express" business of his inter-urban lines.

Otis and Dowling.

I am glad to notice that the rector of Christ Church treats the Times's latest assault upon him with the silent contempt it deserves. Formerly Dr. Dowling was stung to retort from the pulpit, but on this occasion he wisely refrains. The pusillanimity of the Times's last attack is obvious. In a sermon Dr. Dowling explained his sympathy with Women's Clubs but voiced his disapproval of professional woman suffragists. The Times is every whit as



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ardent an opponent of woman's suffrage as Dr. Dowling, but that fact does not prevent it from seizing an opportunity to throw dirt at the fearless rector. It has exhausted several columns in reporting the indignation of woman suffragists at Dr. Dowling's dictum and in fanning that indignation to hysterical rage. As usual, one doubts very much how many of the anathemata heaped on the rector's head can truthfully be attributed to the ladies themselves, and how many the enterprising reporter, who has to earn a salary by "roasting" good citizens who adorn Gen. Otis's black book, is responsible for. It is quite sufficient for people to remember the cause of the Times's hatred and malevolent pursuit of Dr. Dowling. The rector of Christ Church preferred to preach his own sermon on capital and labor to preaching one dictated by Gen. Otis.

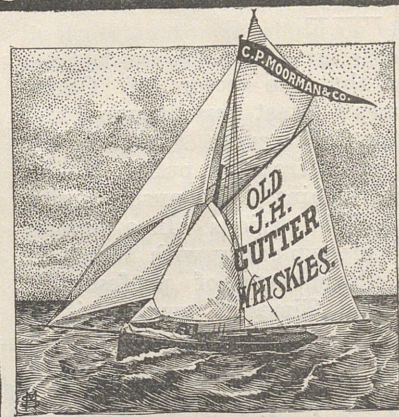
Apostle of Common Sense.

The Pope is about to publish an enunciation of great importance against duelling. In denouncing a practice which he characterizes as a "stupid anachronism" and a relic of the "barbarism of the middle ages," his Holiness is as much actuated by civil as religious motives. The laws of the present day he considers do not sufficiently protect the individual's honor, and he is in hopes of setting on foot an energetic legislative movement which may have practical results to that effect, more especially in political warfare, where personal insults are so often the weapons employed. Pius X. holds that the law should step in and oblige those who insult others to prove the truth of their assertions or pay a severe penalty.

Revolted Mortimer.

His British Majesty's Vice Consul in this city is a competent and very capacious representative, but does he not take himself rather too seriously? Some little time ago, the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association was asked to endorse a charitable institution in which Mr. Mortimer is deeply interested. An expert was employed by the Association who discovered that nearly seventy per cent of the money

Old J.H. Cutter Whisky



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THE BEST AFLOAT OR ASHORE

contributed to the affair was expended in salaries and commissions, and an adverse report was made. Mr. Mortimer, I am told, became vastly indignant and informed the officers of the Association that if the report was given publicity he would "inform His Majesty's government." Fie! Fie! Mr. Mortimer, please do not cry Havoc and let loose His Majesty's fleet on the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association! Scrap it out with Zee!

A correspondent writes the *Graphic* that the slang expression "The wind blew through his whiskers" is not new, and proves it, thus:

In Pharaoh's dream the stalks of corn
Were beautifully eared;
But every ear was blighted when
The "wind blew through his beard."

Yacht Club Politics.

From Terminal Island, down where the ocean roars its winter diapason, comes another, but subdued, roar—the babel of South Coast Yacht club members discussing the possibilities of the annual election of officers and directors which will be held tomorrow (Saturday) evening. According to my information the politicians of the club are busy and evidently there is some feeling over the election of commodore. H. H. Sinclair, who made a noteworthy cruise in the south seas on his yacht *Lurline* last summer, is a candidate for commodore, and Joseph Pugh of the Pasadena Four Hundred is his campaign manager. As the club is a corporation the election of directors and officers is by shares of capital stock owned and not by memberships, so that it is possible for a combination of a few dozen shareholders to control the destinies of the amateur tars' organization. And there's the rub. Mr. Sinclair is unknown to many of the members, although all who do know him vouch for his good fellowship and keenness as a sportsman. But the rank and file, the sinew and flesh of the "regulars" at the water front, are rebellious at the smile of Mr. Pugh, who is supposed to carry in his inside pocket the proxies of Mr. Sinclair and a few other wealthy members. Whatever be the result, I am satisfied that Mr. Sinclair will soon make himself known to his fellow members and if elected he will prove a bully good commodore.

Mr. Staylate—"Why, dearie, what's that ringing all about?"

Miss Ingenue—"I—I think—I think it is the breakfast bell."

"Ye Waits."

"God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen, Let Nothing You Dismay!" while the Waits come round. The ancient custom of the "Waits" or Christmas Carol Singers is to be revived in our midst. "Waits" without snow on the ground and a blazing log in the hall fireplace may seem paradoxical, but we are to have "Waits," and first class waits too, who will come and chant the old carols in your backyard or in your parlor for an inexpensive consideration. Garnet Holme of Cumnock Hall is responsible for the revival and Charlie Edson is training the Waits. The eight singers will be garbed as English villagers of a hundred years ago and they will give "Good King Wenceslas" as a picture song. For children's parties the Waits will be accompanied by a real live Santa Claus.

The Man Behind The Gun

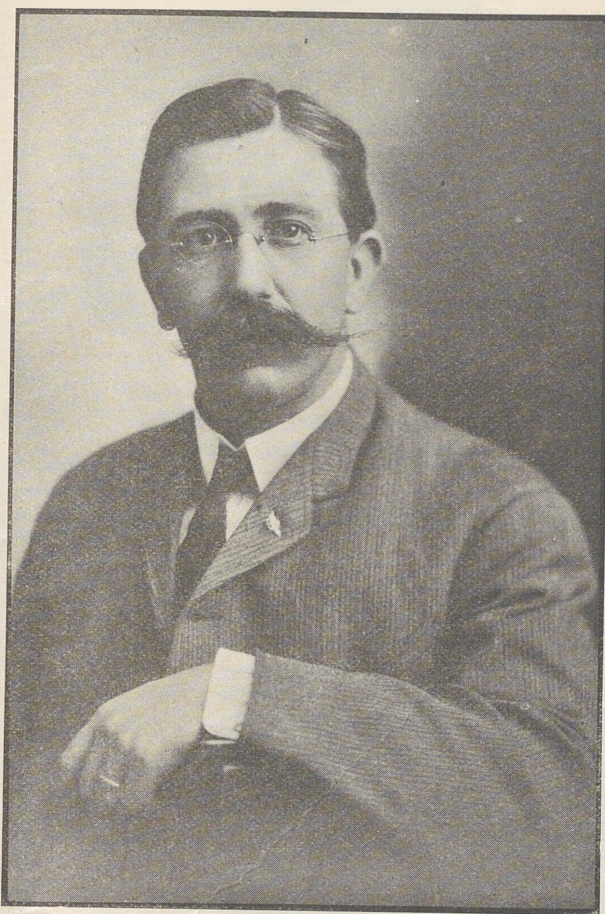


Photo by Steckel

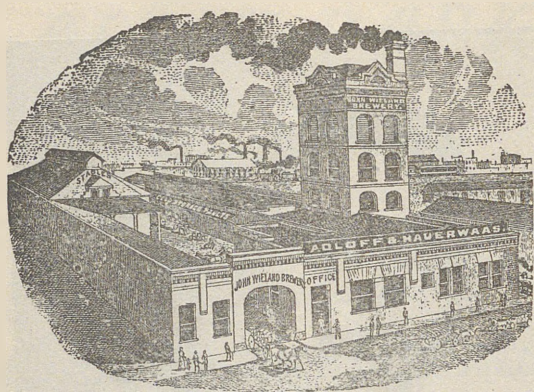
D. C. McGarvin

Who Piloted the Successful Republican City Campaign.

"Snyder cannot be beaten," is a shibboleth that frightens no longer. To D. C. McGarvin is due in large measure the success of Owen McAleer. McGarvin had an energetic active man's campaign to handle and he handled it well. He has risen to the top as a campaign manager and he will be heard from in campaigns to come.

McGarvin is no prentice hand in political affairs although this is the first campaign of which he was in charge. He has been in Los Angeles twenty-nine years and his political experience dates back to the Blaine-Cleveland campaign of twenty years ago. He and others gained control in the First Ward Republican affairs about eight years ago. The slogan then was "Young Men to the Front" and it won. He went on the city central committee four years ago and six years ago he was chosen secretary of the county central committee holding that place until he was elected public administrator of the county. Eight years ago he was a leader in the organization of the Young Men's Republican League and was first secretary, and then president of the organization, which by the way is now merged into the Republican League. McGarvin is just getting to the prime of life and the party has in him a campaign manager of proved ability.

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Ellery "Home."

Channing Ellery has been busy this week shaking hands with his many friends and with himself on his return to Southern California. Today his merry men, the whole-souled sons of Italy, will be welcomed "home." Mr. Ellery is delighted with the success achieved by his band in the middle west last summer, and he and his men are full of confidence that a profitable winter engagement awaits them here. Their opening concerts are being given at Hazard's Pavilion.

Cleft in Twain.

If harmony is noticeable in the music rendered by the Treble Clef club at its concert next Wednesday evening it will not come as a result of concord among the members, but rather because the singers have not permitted their voices to boil in the tea pot tempest that has been disturbing the tranquility of their souls. As was evidenced at the meeting last Tuesday, nobody has the slightest intention of giving up, and both the "machines" and the "independents" are bound to be the club, the whole club and nothing but the club, s' help them. Mrs. W. J. Scholl says she is right, and her supporters say the same thing, and more than that they are taking elaborate legal advice concerning the situation, while the opposition says nothing but saws wood, or rather, practices for the coming concert, and M. Poulin, the director, who follows the orders of the "independents" and ignores those of the "machines," waves his baton in deprecation of the situation, even while he persistently listens to see if the singers are on the right key. It seems that a split in the club is inevitable and although leaders of both factions are sanguine this may be avoided, there seems no other rational culmination of the difficulty.

Mrs. F. of Figueroa street gave a party the other evening and invited a great many more people than she could find seats for. Turning to Mrs. C. of Chester Place she said, "Isn't it awful, half the people can't sit down!" "Good heavens!" said her friend, "what's the matter with them?"

Los Angeles Magazine Writers.

Two Angelenos figures prominently in the current number of the "Review of Reviews," Dr. Albert Shaw's eclectic magazine. Lewis R. Freeman, the former tennis champion, who is spending this winter in Japan instead of Pasadena, contributes a valuable article on the Hawaiian Sugar Product. Among the many interesting facts that Lew Freeman purveys for us is that irrigation and intense cultivation have brought natural fertility to a degree of productiveness not approached by the record yields of other countries. A crop average of ten and one-quarter tons of sugar to each of four thousand acres is the record of one plantation on the island of Oahu whose mill is but a few miles from the city of Honolulu. Irrigation, he says, has been the most potent single element operating to bring about these great yields and extend the available area of cane land. Freeman was formerly an occasional but valued contributor to the local press. I look to see him returning from Japan with portfolios full of good "stuff." The other Los Angeles contributor to the December number of the Review is Adachi Kinnosuke, who writes on "What Port

Arthur Means to Japan." "With its possession," concludes Adachi, "we shall have everything for which we went to war with Russia."

Inconsistent Philistinism.

I was with J. Clifford Cowles, the notable impressionistic painter, recently when he invited a lady and her daughter to visit his studio and see his canvasses. As an admirer of Cowles's work I butted into the conversation and described some of his pictures, in particular a nude where a beautiful girl is painted clad chiefly in Sunlight which has percolated through a mass of Morning Glory vines sheltering the lovely model. The picture was painted in the open air (I will not say where Mr. Cowles has his al fresco studio for obvious reasons,) and is really a marvelously successful effort in depicting the beautiful effect of glaring Sunshine on flesh. When I had finished, Mama rather acidly forbade the daughter from making the visit, apparently disapproving of such artistic methods, but on my next call at the studio I found Mama there. It is encouraging to observe that Philistinism is not always consistent.

Was She?

This is a fact. You may not believe it, but I can't help that. Ralph Miller this week had an auction of his paintings. A lady very well known in the west end entered the store and asked for a private interview. "Mr. Miller," she said, "I would like to buy some of your pictures, but I don't know a thing about oil, and I am afraid of doing something ridiculous if I rely on my own judgment. Now if you can prove to me that your pictures are really hand painted, I will buy some, but please don't fool me; if they are not hand painted tell me." Mr. Miller scratched off some of the paint and showed her, just as if she was from Missouri.

Cornish For Commissioner.

Many of the local fire insurance men are of the opinion that the underwriters should have proper representation on the board of fire commissioners and to this end have settled on Herbert L. Cornish as the one among their number most likely to land such an appointment. Cornish is one of the active young men who have come to the front in McAleer's campaign. He was one of the campaign committee and did a good deal of trying political work in the campaign. He is the head of the Cornish-Braly Company and is making a mark in the business and insurance world.

One evening a farmer walking along a quiet lane met his man, Jim, carrying a lantern. The following conversation took place: "Where are you going with the lantern, Jim?" "Going a-courting, master." "But you don't want a lantern for that business, Jim. I never had a lantern when I went courting the mistress." "So I should say by the looks o' the missus."

A Unique Collection.

One of the most eccentric and unique collections ever made is that of Louis J. Stellmann, a local newspaper man with literary aspirations. For years he has carefully preserved all the printed slips which came to him from the different magazines which returned manuscripts submitted to them and his collection is now almost complete in that it embraces

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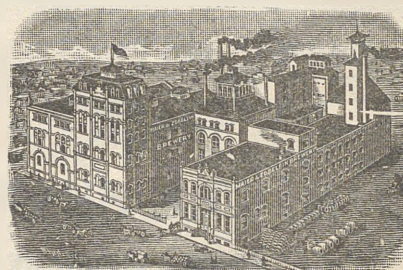
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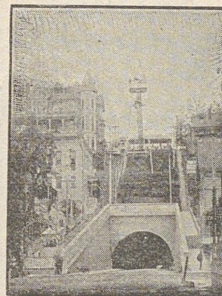
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a sample from every magazine of consequence in the United States as well as a number from English publications. These are neatly pasted in a scrap-book especially adapted for their display and the collector is very proud of them.

"Not because I'm the first person who ever thought of such a thing," he explains, whimsically, "I dare say the idea occurred to plenty of people—but I'm probably the only one that was foolish enough to carry it out."

Mr. Stellman is the author of a book of humorous sketches, entitled, "Said the Observer," which is having quite a run on the coast. His first deviation from the paths of strictly newspaper work were these outbursts of humorous philosophy which originally appeared in the Herald. Some years ago Stellman went to San Francisco where he became identified with the Press Club coterie of literary free lances and gained some recognition as a writer of verse and fiction, incidentally finding a publisher for his book in the Whitaker and Ray Company there.

He returned to Los Angeles several months ago and is now associated with the Examiner. His most notable poetic effort is "The City's Voice," which originally appeared in a San Francisco publication and is as follows:

A mighty undertone of mingled sound—
The cadent tumult, rising from a throng
Of urban workers—blending in a song
Of larger life that makes the pulses bound.

Hark to the city's voice! It tells a tale
Of triumphs and defeats; of joy and woe;
The lover's troth; the challenge of a foe;
A dying gasp; a new-born infant's wail.

The whirr of turning wheels; the hammers' ring;
The hum of traffic and the tread of men;
A viol's sigh; the scratching of a pen;—
All to a vibrant whole their echoes fling.

The pulse-beats of a million hearts, combined;
Reverberating in a rhythmic thrill;—
A vital message that is never still;—
A sweeping, cosmic chorus, unconfined.

This—by the way—is the third poem that Stellman wrote. He considers it his only one, though he has turned out a great deal of good work during the past two years. He has prepared manuscript for a book of verse and essays, some of which appeared in the Los Angeles Capital. Another book, as yet uncompleted and which should prove interesting is a novel entitled, "Little Girl," consisting of dialogues between a man and a picture—the latter representing to the former an ideal which the woman whom the picture represents has shattered in herself.

While in San Francisco, Stellman married Edith Kinney, a Cleveland girl, visiting her sister, wife of Professor Arthur Starr Eakle of the State Uni-

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versity, and brought his bride of a month to his former home on Bonnie Brae street.

Ebell's Club House.

The Ebell Club, writes my club correspondent, at its business meeting on Monday had as the chief topic of discussion the report of the Ebell Club House Association, and at the close of the session the prospects for commencing work immediately on the Club House were never brighter. The meeting was unusually large in attendance and the approval of the plans presented by the association through Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt and Mrs. Chas. N. Flint almost unanimous. The only points of difference on the part of the stockholders and members of the club have been in the selection of the site, some believing that the lot on Ninth and Hope streets is one that will entail high rates of taxes and insurance, and that a cheaper lot might be purchased further out. On the other hand, it is argued that a club house down-town is not likely to depreciate in value, and that the opportunities to sublet the various rooms and auditorium are greater than if the building is placed in a more remote part of the city. The building plans in the Spanish renaissance style of architecture are unanimously approved by the club. The interest awakened at the meeting was so great that ten or twelve members pledged additional subscriptions of five shares each and one member took ten. The amount of subscriptions secured was several hundred dollars. With \$25,000 already in the treasury and a part of the required \$15,000 in view, it looks as if the Ebell would be in possession of a handsome new club house when it convenes for next year's work.

Discretion.

The action of the Ebell, I am told, has been somewhat criticized because of the recent decision of the Executive Board not to extend the former courtesy of admitting reporters to the business meeting held on the first Monday of every month. But it is claimed by club members that this is only a matter of protection when discussing questions not ready for publication and at all the other club meetings reporters are most cordially welcomed.

By And For The Little Ones.

On Thursday, December 27th, occurs the annual children's party of the Ebell, and this year it is proposed to make it an affair that will brighten the lives of children who do not have as many gifts from Santa Claus as do the more fortunate ones. Instead of receiving a gift, each club woman's child is expected to bring one to give to some poorer child.

A la Russe.

The Friday Morning Club is planning for a Russian entertainment at its meeting next week, when Mme. Vera de Blumenthal will speak on Russian folk lore and will wear the Boyar costume which was in vogue before the reconstruction period of Peter the Great, and which is still worn on solemn State occasions and at coronation balls. Miss Fanny Wills will appear in the drawn-work costume of the peasant woman, and Russian tea will be served by a

Ye Olde Englishe Carolle Singers

MR. GARNET HOLME announces that his party of "WAITS" are ready to sing during the week before and the week after Christmas at private houses or hotels. The entertainment consists of four or five quaint old carols given in costumes by glee singers specially trained by Mr. Charles Edson. Visits can be arranged at time and place to suit hostesses. Father Christmas is included in the party to suit children's parties. The visit lasts twenty-five minutes. Terms very moderate. For circulars and details apply to

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blonde haired peasant girl who is a member of the little Russian colony in Los Angeles. At the close of the meeting there will be an exhibit of the Russian home industries which Mme. de Blumenthal is assisting by making sales in the vicinity, sending the entire proceeds to the poor lace makers in the districts of Mzensk and Rizan.

The following story of Sydney Smith is in the "Reminiscences of Sir Henry Hawkins" just published. He had been sent for to see an old lady who was one of his most troublesome parishioners. She was dying. Sad to say she had always been querulous and quarrelsome. It may have been constitutional, but whatever the cause her husband had had an uncomfortable time with her. When Sydney Smith reached the house the old lady was dead, and the bereaved widower, a religious man in his way and acquainted with Scripture, said: "Ah, sir, you are too late; my poor dear wife has gone to Abraham's bosom." "Poor Abraham!" exclaimed Sydney, "she'll tear his inside out."

Household Economics.

Club women have often been accused of devoting too much time to abstract culture and too little time to common sense, but since the study of Household Economics has become so general in the clubs, the accused must certainly be acquitted of this charge. In almost every club in Los Angeles the study of Household Economics plays an important part at the present time, and many of the clubs have organized sections which are especially devoted to this subject. If the club women could solve the servant girl problem, many distracted home makers would be ready to bow down and call them blessed, and if the ladies can assist in bringing before our legislators a bill with reference to adulterated foods much more strenuous than any law now in existence, they will have accomplished something that will be of benefit, not only to their immediate families, but also to the entire community. The question of pure foods is becoming serious, as scarcely a day passes in which one does not hear of some person having been poisoned by impure food. Under the department of Economics, the especial subject to be discussed by the Home Makers Section of Ebell during the month of December, will be the "Relation of Mistress to Maid." Timely advice will be thankfully received by many who have not the privilege of listening to this discussion. The especial subject to be considered next Monday is the "Economic Relation of the Income to the Expenditure." This is a large subject, and one that is a constant source of trouble not only to the fair sex, but also many highly respected citizens of the voting sex. Words of wisdom gleaned from this discussion will be gladly welcomed by many persons who would like to know how to make one dollar pay for valued received to twice that amount.

Drowning His Sorrows.

While Missouri and some other "sure Parker States" are still wondering "where they are at," our eminent and esteemed fellow-countryman, Col. Henry Watterson, has taken to the woods—the Bois

de Bologne—and is studying the temperance question along the Champs d'Elysee. The effect of wine and beer on the human system has displaced the revision of the tariff and the return to Jeffersonian simplicity in the consideration of the great Kentuckian. "Oh! what a difference in the morning," is now the subject matter of his facile pen and not "What is the matter with the democracy?" The Colonel defies any man, woman or child to get drunk on French table wine or beer. Now, it occurs to the writer that Henri is lamentably "off his base" in discussing the percentage of alcohol in either wine or beer. What does Kentucky care for such dissertations? He even goes so far as to declare that the beer of Paris is as weak as water. What does the gallant Colonel know about water? At any rate what does any gallant Kentuckian know about water? Kentucky knows no such beverages as wine, beer or water. Whatever Kentucky does politically or otherwise that sometimes elicits disapproval, it never panders to such "soft drinks" as beer, wine and water; and no human being dare insinuate that the lick of that State will not curl the hair of any person who runs against it. There are no weak potables in all Kentucky. Some are stronger than others, to be sure. But they all talk back; all are argumentative; and a few of them will cause a comparatively quiet man to fight an automobile or to try and run the universe. But what is this gallant son of Kentucky doing with wine and beer, any way? Why does he wander from the ambrosial product of his own fireside? Why doesn't he call for a julep or a punch, or, more properly, for three fingers of old Bourbon? These are his size; let him leave Parisian beer and wine to women and children and prattling babes.

"Happily," adds the Colonel, "no one is compelled to drink water." These words redeem the gallant scribe from state indignation and censure. Had he left those words unsaid he would have been a man without a country, for he would never have dared to have returned to a State where water is only used under bridges.

And now comes a scientist who declares that persons afflicted with consumption may be cured by spending an hour or so in a balloon daily. Next we shall be told that an hour or two out at the ostrich farm daily will cure indigestion.

The Street Preacher On Faith.

During a perambulation through the business district on Sunday last, my otium cum dignitate was disturbed on Fifth street by an appalling philippic from a coarse-looking nomad as follows:

"You will all go to hell and be burned for ever and ever in a never-ceasing fire of brimstone if you don't have faith," etc.

The laundryman who essays to dry his linen by spreading it upon a fog bank exhibits an independence of mere human reason that verges closely upon the sublime; and he would be a ready convert to

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the street preacher alluded to, who concluded a part of his horrible oratory as follows:

"Poor, pitiful, blundering mortal. You boast of your blind reason and reject the faith that is born of religion. You regulate your life and conduct by the former and ignore the high teachings of the latter. Is it any wonder that your best schemes come to naught?"

And yet faith cannot spread a wet shirt on a fog-bank; and if it could, the shirt would not dry. We beg our "clerical" expounder's pardon; but there are, really, some occasions when one is compelled to employ his reason. For example, in determining whether or no he will make use of the higher teachings of faith in hanging out a washing.

From present indications it would look as if eligibility as a base ball game umpire hereafter must consist in the candidate having brutally beaten a former umpire because he made a decision that displeased him.

A Question of Accent.

A New York critic is scandalized at the variety of accent upon the stage, and suggests that somebody should rescue the rags and tatters of the poor old English language from the polyglot riot. He wants to set up a standard of perfection—which might be possible—and to compel all Anglo-Saxon actors and actresses to conform to this or quit the stage—which is manifestly a Utopian inspiration. The stage opens its hospitable doors to recruits from all parts of Anglo-Saxondom. They come with their accents ready-made in all varieties—from the Cockney to the Yankee, from the Irishman to the Southerner. An elocutionary steam roller could not level these inequalities of accent, and if it could the stage would not employ it. When we catch an actor of talent we take him as we find him. We must. Who, for instance, would undertake the task of regularizing the accent of Sir Henry Irving? The accent is a mere trifle as long as one can hear and understand the actor. The trouble is that in these days when the stage strives so severely for "realism," the actor does not always get his voice across the footlights.

The Prodigal Son.

The list of names by which Hall Caine's latest novel is known in the other countries which are called upon to read it is in itself a liberal education in modern languages. The Danes clamour for it as "Den Forlorne Son," the Dutch as "De Verlooren Zoon," in Italy frantic readers demand "Il Figliol Prodigio." But the Finns have the best of it; they know the masterpiece as "Tuhlaaja Poika," which sounds anything rather than an inspired epic. There seems to be no Icelandic version. Under the excitement of arranging for so many versions Hall Caine's publisher himself has fallen under cosmopolitan influence. Hall Caine's novels are so popular, he tells us, because they are "full of fundamental truth, full of that great humanity which is the same in Birmingham and Ecuador," which reminds "The Tatler" of Sidney Smith's great pronouncement on the universality of love. "The same passion," he said, "which peoples our parsonages with chubby children animates the Armenian, and burns in the bosom of the Batavian."

RESTAURANT WORTHY OF LOS ANGELES.

The Cafe Bristol Will Be The Handsomest and Most Thoroughly Equipped Restaurant on the Pacific Coast.

Los Angeles has long needed a first-class restaurant. It has been a reproach that in a city renowned for its beauty and culture, the abiding place of men and women of taste, and the Mecca of fastidious tourists, there was no cafe that could truly be termed first-class in the matter of accommodation and appointments. Invasions from San Francisco, the home of good eating, have been threatened, but it has remained for two of Los Angeles's most noted restaurateurs to supply the demand. Next Tuesday week, the 20th inst., the Cafe Bristol will be opened in the Herman W. Hellman Building by Messrs. Schneider and Fieber, who during the last four years have made the Palace restaurant at First and Spring streets one of the most popular places in town.

To give one an idea of the splendor and munificence of the Cafe Bristol, one may perhaps best measure them first by the amount of money expended. Apart from the original cost of the building—the Bristol occupies the entire space of the basement of the Herman W. Hellman Building at Fourth and Spring streets—the landlord, Mr. Hellman, has spent over \$40,000 on improvements and the proprietors of the new cafe have invested \$70,000 in decorations and furnishings. The architect for the cafe was Mr. A. F. Rosenheim, of St. Louis, who designed the Hellman Building which is generally conceded to be the finest example of such architecture in Southern California.

There will be three entrances to the Bristol. The main entrance will be at Fourth and Spring where are two handsome marble staircases, one to the general or ladies' cafe to the left and the other to the men's quarters on the right. The third entrance is on Spring street leading also to the ladies' cafe.

The general or ladies' cafe is a hall of splendid proportions, occupying some 9,000 square feet of the entire floor space of the cafe and its accessories, which is 14,000 square feet. This exceedingly handsome room will according to Mr. Schneider's estimate easily accommodate no less than 800 people. The decoration and wood finishing of the hall are bright, cheerful and most artistic. The walls are tinted in a pale yellow-green of artistic and restful shade. The bright effect is heightened by the woodwork which throughout is beautiful white mahogany. Panels of this costly wood intersect the walls, and a handsome mirror alternates each panel. The pillars are also finished in white mahogany with mirrors on two of the four sides. The ceilings are frescoed in most artistic designs, finished in gold. The cafe will be lavishly and beautifully lighted with cut-glass clusters of electric globes, designed like bunches of grapes. Every possible device of modern science and ingenuity has been supplied for the complete ventilation of the cafe. A suction fan of 25-horse power exhausts the used air, while cool, fresh air is dispensed through a large shaft running the length of the building, by radiators and by stationary electric fans placed at frequent intervals. On one side of the ladies' cafe are six private

a dinner a deux, a parti carree, or a larger party. At the west end an alcove provides retreats for semi-private parties, which, while sufficiently secluded for their own purposes, still command a view of the entire cafe. Here those delightful little lunch clubs, which for some years have been a distinctive feature of the Palace, will foregather. The management has made special provision for these societies, some of which have already selected their corners, which will be held sacred to them during the lunch hours. For some of them Manager Schneider is having special emblems designed, such as the Sigma Chi's, a University fraternity which daily lunches off Schneider and Fieber's good fare.

The ladies' cafe is equipped with a commodious retiring room for the fair sex and there are two private telephone booths for the convenience of patrons. The excellent music which has always been a feature of the Palace will also distinguish the Bristol; the orchestra will be stationed at the east end of the cafe.

The kitchen, which after all is the heart and soul of a cafe, is of generous dimensions and therein every modern contrivance from a machine for washing dishes to a mechanical device for regulating the boiling of eggs can be found. To insure rapid service the kitchen is between the ladies' and the men's cafes. The best possible arrangement is also made for waiters, who will enter at one door, arm themselves with their orders by describing a semi-circle, and go out at another door.

The men's cafe is more subdued in tone than that of the ladies, but is equally handsome and artistic. The wainscoats and pillars are finished in dark oak; the scheme of color for the ceiling is blue, gold and bronze. Here the familiar gods of the Rhine, finished in bronze, hold mute sway.

To the rear of the men's cafe is a spacious and handsome banquet hall, finished in white enamel, and capable of seating 300 people.

The refrigerator rooms, one for meats and another for beer, are specially built on the most approved designs of air tight structure. They are walled with a composition of oak and tar which is plastered with cement, making them absolutely air tight. The store rooms, the wine cellar, and other accessories to the kitchen, have all been built on the latest and most scientific plans.

The furniture for the Bristol is all of handsome oak. Two carloads of it was specially manufactured for Schneider and Fieber in Chicago. The chairs, sixteen hundred of them, are armed dining chairs with spring backs, costing \$7.50 apiece.

In inspecting the Bristol one cannot but be impressed by the care and forethought used by the management in the smallest details, everywhere demonstrating the experience and brains of men who for many years made the comfort and convenience of the public a special study. William Schneider, who is known as an ideal Boniface, courteous, thoughtful and alert, has lived fourteen years in Los Angeles and has been connected with the management of the Palace for the last ten years. Four years ago he was joined in the enterprise by Jack Fieber, a man of wide experience in catering to the public and of very pleasing personality. In open-

ing the Bristol, they are about to realize the ambition of their lives and the success of the enterprise is assured.

To preside over the destinies of the kitchen they have engaged the service of a famous Parisian chef, who for some years has been studying the tastes of the American public. M. Jean Olzscowski, a Russian by birth, was trained under a distinguished cordon bleu in Paris, and on arriving in the United States was engaged for some time at Delmonico's. Subsequently he went west to St. Paul where he made the cuisine of the Metropolitan famous.

Messrs. Schneider and Fieber's policy will be to cater to ALL tastes at the Bristol and they have determined on a moderate tariff. The business men's lunch will be a distinctive feature of the Bristol, and in the evening a man can procure any kind of a good dinner at any cost he chooses. After eight o'clock the cafe will be specially dedicated to the use of theater parties. The Cafe Bristol will fill a long felt want and will prove a revelation to those who have long pined for a first-class restaurant in Los Angeles.

Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:

I knew quite well, all along that He couldn't keep a secret, away till Christmas time. As if Eve-like you wouldn't worm out of your Adam, every thing you really wanted to know? And the dear man wanted to make such a mystery out of this Christmas gift, and I had to cross my heart and swear I wouldn't tell what I bought for him to insert in your stocking. Oh! silly man, and now you have peeped and know all about it!

Well isn't it truly a beauty of a feather boa? Didn't I choose an exquisite piece of marabout? I bought it at Coulter's, where they have the most extravagant stock of boas in every shade and variety of feathers. Some of the ostrich ones nearly tempted me to give up the big marabout that I finally decided upon. Were I not letting you see the teeth of your "gift-horse," my child, I would "put you on" to the remarkable reduction this year in the price of these soft fluffy pieces of rich wear. In browns, blacks, whites and natural shades, Coulter is selling the very choicest and best feather colarettes and stoles at absurdly easy prices; you will notice that your lovely one is made on five fine cords and has none of the nasty stiff old wire of the olden days. I do hope you will like it, and that its soft brownny shade will match your new tan suit to perfection. But speaking of your suit, my dear, I felt almost sorry today that we bought it—so soon—as I discovered in the Ville de Paris, that charming French store on Broadway, that they are having a sale—a sort of prenatal affair—of their dining rooms, each a delightfully cosy chamber for

cloth suits at almost half-price. Clever of them I thought to get in ahead of all the many cut-rate sales, that crowd the shops after the New Year. I saw several lovely suits, in broad cloth, etamine, serge and soft wooly stuffs, quite as handsome as yours for about half the original price. But 'tis a shame to spoil your joy with this aftermath, is it not? I expect the Ville de Paris will do a roaring trade by this early sale of newly opened cloaks and wraps, etc.

You know we are progressing here at a furious pace in the artistic dressing of our women. Men don't count really, as no one ever notices their clothes, unless they look messy and "soupy" down the waistcoat, do they? But what I wanted to remark in our march towards the front, was the way in which this season every thing is made to match, not sexually you understand, all the day, all the time, but decoratively. For example, a few years ago we used to, when we could, and had to, buy unto ourselves a new pair of shoes—just "Shoes," common simple foot-wear. We sat down on a hard bench and got fitted (and not always so much at that) for a pair of black or tan shoes, and there was the end. Now, my dear girl, we arrive in a dimly lit, darkly wooded chamber, and recline in an Elizabethan chair and dreamily handle a small bunch of soft leather samples, and proceed to carefully match the exact shade of our latest gown. All this happens to the very limit in Wetherby and Kayser shoe store on South Broadway. There they thoughtfully and tenderly handle your little Trilby and make you believe that after all you really have a wondrous pretty foot. Then you select your leather in any and every shade, be it scarlet or deep sea green, or style of decoration, even to the buttons and buckles, and Wetherby and Kayser do the rest. Such dandy lovely slippers, high heeled French lasts in every sort and kind of leather. You must not fail to get your next pair of slippers at this store. It really only caters to the very smart set, and it is a luxury to deal at so metropolitan an establishment.

This color scheme of matching one's gown or coat is carried out also in a very pretty and novel way in gloves in Blackstone's. White kids come in pique stitch with ornamented backs and cuffs to suit any and all shades of costumes. These colored stitchings are so much more chic and dainty than the all over bright red and green and mauve gloves. And this little dablet of color is just enough to make an ordinary hand look squeezeable and very precious.

Before I forget I must keep my promise and tell you where in my humble opinion, you can best do your shopping for the children's Santa Claus. On the third floor of the Boston Store, way back, you will find yourself in a new art department, chuck-full of the most tempting and delightful toys; no trashy "five cent table" toys, but really good things worth buying and keeping. Such dolls, such cunning outfits and residences for those little people—you can't imagine. While I was selecting a toy telephone and some wondrous construction blocks for some of my youngsters, I wandered into the Elysian Crystal Palace, just completed in this department, where I was tempted to purchase a really lovely cut-glass bowl. A big one, in exquisite design for only \$3.95. I couldn't refrain as such a lovely bit of crystal nearly everywhere would fetch \$10. I thought it would delight the dear mother's soul and she will enjoy the thought that I scrimped on all the other presents for her. They have lovely tables full of heavy carved brasses, some rare antique candle sticks, and Pompeian copies that will make charming presents. I don't think any one can do better for a big shopping day, than to start in at this attractive and universal art department of the big Boston Store. Well, my friend, I wish you a heavy purse and a light heart these busy holiday weeks. Don't the children forever gabble of Santa Claus? Will he never, never die, I wonder? I sincerely hope not. Yours affect'ly always,

LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., December Seventh.

Holiday Gifts



Originality of conception, linked with faultless execution, endow the productions of this shop with an artistic individuality which makes them particularly appropriate Holiday Gifts.

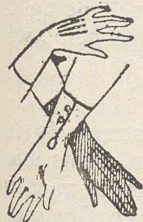
The stock now assembled in our art rooms includes Copley Prints, and Artistic Water Colors, together with handsome Art Calendars, leather novelties, etc.—suitable for desk furnishings and boudoir appointments.

We make a specialty of fine correspondence papers; monograms, crests, address dies. Engraved plate and one hundred cards, two dollars.

FORD SMITH & LITTLE COMPANY

330 SOUTH BROADWAY

Give Gloves



A woman is always needing gloves—there's no gift at like cost more sure to be appreciated. Nicest way to present them is to buy one of our glove orders and let the recipient call and be fitted with whatever kind her fancy prompts. These glove orders are attractively printed cards, with suggestive decorations. No charge for the card—you simply pay regular price for the gloves.

Couiter Dry Goods Co.,

317-324 South Broadway

Over The Teacups

Christmas shopping is taking precedence over social gaiety, and even the fashionable leader's day at home is forgotten as her plans for holiday surprises develop. And this year you must do your Christmas shopping the early part of December, or hear dire criticism from a certain committee which has made a business of seeing that you do. Perhaps, after all, though, that is a little harshly spoken regarding the consumers' committee of the Civic League, for to be just I must say that the women who compose it are merely suggesting in the kindest manner possible that shoppers get through with their rush before the last week preceding the holidays. This is in the interest of the clerks and delivery men who as well as purchasers have some rights to Christmas joy. So when you rush in the day before Christmas and stumble over a hundred other belated shoppers in your mad effort to find something that will do for David's wife or Jack's baby, whom you had forgotten, you will hear your conscience whispering: "Do you remember what the consumers' committee said about the poor overworked clerks?" After December 25 a season the gayest that Los Angeles has known in a long time will open, but until then, we shall shop.

It may be that Los Angeles will lose forever, its most beautiful woman, and with her the reminder of continual food for merciless gossip that had best been dropped years ago. For a long time it has been rumored that Mrs. Mary Hollister Banning would take her daughter Lucy to France for perhaps a year, but few except the intimate friends have understood that there was any intention to remain abroad. Now I have it on good authority that the Bannings may not return to Los Angeles, but make Paris their permanent home. At least they are going to remain indefinitely. The date of starting is set for December 15. In Paris the former Mrs. Bradbury will be known as Miss Banning. She is still a young and exceedingly handsome woman, and has as sweet and likable a disposition as when in the palmy days of her early married life she was the beloved of every child in the neighborhood, because never too busy or preoccupied to remember each in the kindest manner whenever opportunity afforded. John Bradbury, I am told, is confident he has found the Eldorado of happiness in his second marriage, and the advent of a little son into the family a few weeks ago gave life an especially rosy hue to both parents.

Of course the week's most notable event was the Lee-Clark wedding, which took place Wednesday evening in the First Congregational church. Many and frequent were the prenuptial affairs given for Miss Elle Clark and Henry Carlton Lee, within the past few weeks, and there was much gratification over the fact that the Clarks decided to have a large church wedding, even if the reception at the house could not include all those bidden to the marriage.

Mrs. Lee, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, is a young woman of prepossessing personality, and a favorite with a large circle of friends. While Mr. Lee is not so well known here, he has made a very favorable impression since coming to Los Angeles from Cleveland, Ohio, his former home. He is a son of Mr. and Mrs. James Lee, Sr., of that city, and the family holds an acknowledged social position there. The elite of San Francisco as well as Los Angeles had been interested in the approaching marriage, and one member of the bridal suite was chosen from the younger set of that city. Miss Adelaide Brown of Los Angeles was maid of honor and Richard Gaylord of Cleveland, Ohio, best man, while other attendants included the Misses Edwina Hammond of San Francisco, Hattie Saunders, Annis Van Nuys, Jane Campbell, Anita Abascal and Messrs. Robert Flint, Will Nevin, Warren Carhart, Louis Treadwell, Walter Clark, John G. Johnson, Marshall Stimson and Samuel Haskins. Few weddings have been as handsomely appointed and the church was as attractive as the florist's art could make it, while the bride and her attendants looked charming in the daintiest of gowns. Mr. and Mrs. Lee, after they have returned from their wedding trip will be at the Clark home for a while.

Mrs. Nat Goodwin, better known as Maxine Elliott, has many friends in Los Angeles, and during her stay here will be entertained as much as her theatrical duties admit. Mrs. Goodwin, like her husband, is devoted to golf, and when last here nearly lost her famous Boston bull-terrier in the oily barranca of the Country club.

Wandering into Christopher's place the middle of this week, I came across several merry parties, and among them a group of writers, representative of the Women's Press club. Mrs. John W. Mitchell, who takes an unwavering interest in the club and its doings, was hostess of the occasion, and according to the reputation which Mrs. Mitchell always is able to sustain, she was doing the honors in the most charming manner. Mrs. Mitchell is a delightful conversationalist, and her knowledge of the world makes her equal to any social emergency. Such being the case, one must expect to find her quite at home with the writers, of which she is one.

The coming of Col. Francis A. Eastman to Los Angeles this month is a matter which interests many persons. The Colonel intends to take a vacation from his arduous duties on the Chicago Chronicle, and spend some time here with his family. Mrs. Eastman has been here most of the year, and a few months ago her daughter, Mrs. S. E. Barre and child came for an extended visit. Mrs. Barre, as Margaret Eastman, was a universal favorite here, and now that she is back again, she is finding her visit a round of pleasure. The Eastmans and Mrs. Barre will be at the Figueroa throughout the winter.

Will the time come, I wonder, when women of Los Angeles will have absolutely no leisure for purely social diversion? The indications point to such a climax, and many women do not seem at all concerned at the prospect. One said to me the other day: "Well, why should we devote ourselves to

sociability for its own sake alone, when it may be combined so admirably with something else that will profit both ourselves and others longer than for the moment?" Nearly every woman these days has her hobby, whether it be intellectual improvement, philanthropy or church work, and society obligations become a secondary matter. If anybody doubts that such considerations as those which I mention are occupying the attention of women who once gave much more of their time to society, the facts will set them right. It is true that Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Mrs. Z. D. Mathuss and a score of others have for years divided their energies between social duties, pure and simple, and the advancement of the Young Women's Christian association, but time was when these estimable ladies gave much more heed than now to the violet luncheon and the pink tea. Judging from the demands that are made upon them now by the Association, they will soon be giving it their only thought. The Y. W. C. A. is to have a home of its own, and the prospective new building is a most absorbing theme just at present. As to women with other interests, there is Mrs. Rufus Herron, who founded the Los Angeles branch, Needlework Guild of America, and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury, who is now its president. Who does not remember when these women were more actively engaged in entertaining and being entertained? They like it still, I am told, but are too busy, thank you, and must spend time more profitably. Now, too, I find, Mrs. Willie Childs, always a leader of fashion and a brilliant light in society, on a committee to help maintain the "Good Shepherd," an institution for the uplifting of unfortunates, and she has been, I am told, one of the most earnest attendants at the meetings held by this auxiliary. Mrs. Emeline Childs, as has been announced, is president of this auxiliary, and Miss Hortense Childs, her daughter, is also interested in the good work. There is Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, who never arose to speak in meetin' in her life, until she identified herself with the Civic League, and now she is weeded to club work, and entertains just a little now and then. And Mrs. Roy Jones—but then Mrs. Jones has so uncompromisingly thrown aside all woman that same is Mrs. Jones, but at present the club is monopolizing her. The Sunshine society gives its card parties in the interest of charity, and that she hardly any more comes in a list such as this. A pity, too, for if ever there was a charming society pretense to being aught but an ardent club woman, the members ease their consciences regarding the diversion in which they indulge, by paying an admission fee to help the Sunshine work along. Even the young girls are taking on the burden of helping humanity, which should shortly be regenerated if this sort of thing continues.

Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Mayhew and child are here from San Francisco, and will be guests at the Angelus while here. Mr. Mayhew is a prominent attorney of Northern California, and well known here as well as in San Francisco. Among others just now at the Angelus is H. P. Knight, manager of the Alamo hotel, Colorado Springs. Mrs. Knight is here with him. Yesterday the Ceramic club held the opening reception of its exhibit at this hotel and the place was thronged with guests.

ANASTASIA.

Where Are They?

Mrs. Willard Stimson is visiting the Charles Stimsons in Seattle.

Mrs. George A. Parkyns left last Saturday for a tour in Mexico.

Mrs. R. B. Young and Miss Young have returned from San Francisco.

Mrs. C. W. Hincheliffe, of 2414 South Grand avenue, is in San Francisco.

Mrs. John W. Edwards, of 1939 Lovelace avenue, has returned from the East.

Mrs. M. N. Avery and Miss Florence Avery have taken apartments at the Westmore.

Mrs. Randolph H. Miner has returned from a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Miss Helen E. Mathewson, of 1058 West Twenty-fourth street, is on her way home from England.

Senator and Mrs. Bard and the Misses Mary and Anna Bard arrived in Washington last Saturday.

Dr. Edwin Janss is visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. P. Janss, of 850 South Bonnie Brae street.

Mrs. Fred L. Presbrey of North Hope street is entertaining her sister, Mrs. James Hill of Portland Place.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes returned home this week from a trip of two months in the East and South.

Mr. and Mrs. William Frederickson have returned from Terminal Island and are at 916 Grattan street.

Mrs. M. T. Bennett, of 915 South Alvarado is entertaining her son, Tyler, who has been mining in Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Phillips, of 2620 Menlo avenue, have returned from a tour of several months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Coste, of St. Louis, are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Wilkins, of 1049 West Seventh street.

Mrs. Vinton L. Mitchell, of 912 South Bonnie Brae street, is entertaining her mother, Mrs. Mary L. Hart, of Redlands.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz Fisher, of Redlands, were the guests this week of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Perkins, of Gramercy Place.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hubert Howard, of Seattle, have taken Judge Miller's house at 611 Coronado street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving C. Lewis of 224 South Flower street, are entertaining Mrs. Samuel P. Davis, of Carson City, Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor Perkins, of 1511 Gramercy Place, leave today for a three months stay in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Lowman and Miss Sheda Lowman have returned from their Eastern travels and are at the Van Nuys Broadway.

Major and Mrs. H. M. Russell and Miss Eva Elizabeth Keating of 38 St. James Park have returned from a visit of several months in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace L. Hardison moved this week into their new residence at the corner of Garfield and Foothill streets, Pasadena.

Fernand Gottschalk of New York and Otto Gottschalk of San Francisco are visiting their sister, Mrs. J. Bond Francisco of Albany and Fourteenth streets. A third brother, Louis, the well known musical director and composer, will be the Bond Franciscos' guest at Christmas.

Receptions, Etc.

December 2.—Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Taylor Perkins, 1511 Gramercy Place; house warming.

December 2.—Mrs. John H. Norton, 834 West Twenty-eighth street; children's dancing party.

December 3.—Miss Anita and Miss Mary Abascal; theater party at Belasco's for Miss Ella Clark.

December 3.—Henry C. Lee; dinner at Van Nuys for bridegroom's party.

December 4.—Major and Mrs. John H. Norton, 834 West Twenty-eighth street; dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Edward Winship, of Denver.

December 5.—Major and Mrs. John T. Jones; theater party at the Mason for Miss Lila Fairchild and John G. Mott.

December 5.—Miss Ella Clark, 710 West Adams street; dinner for bridal suite.

December 5.—Mrs. W. W. Hadley, 1125 West Thirtieth street; box party at the Mason for Mrs. W. J. Buchan of Kansas City.

December 6.—Miss Echo Allen, Pasadena avenue; tea.

December 6.—Mrs. Harriet S. Wright, 1615 Georgia street; for Eschscholtzia Chapter, D. A. R.

December 6.—Southern Club; musical at the Woman's Club House.

December 7.—Concordia Club; progressive euchre.

December 7.—Mrs. Walter Lindley and Miss Haynes, 2007 South Figueroa street; at home.

December 7.—Mrs. Arthur Van Norden, 821 South Hope street; at home.

December 8.—Mrs. Norman Densham, 949 West Adams street; tea.

December 9.—Mr. and Mrs. George P. Thresher, 1013 Westlake avenue; dance at Cumnock Hall.

Recent Weddings

December 1.—Ralph C. Weaver to Miss Maggie Thompson, in the Immanuel Presbyterian Church.

December 7.—Henry C. Lee to Miss Ella Clark, in the First Congregational Church.

Approaching Weddings

December 14.—John Huston Alexander to Miss Corinne Engenia Francis, in the Church of the Unity.

December 25.—Clarence Eddy Drouillard to Miss Eva Eberding.

Anastasia's Date Book

December 15.—Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Canfield, 803 South Alvarado street; for Leisure Hour Whist Club.

December 15.—Harvard Military School students; dance at Cumnock Hall.

December 16.—Daughters of Isis; dance at Masonic Temple.

December 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gore Adams, 209 North Union avenue; dancing.

December 17.—Mrs. O. W. Childs, 928 West Twenty-eighth street; for Mrs. John Dwight.

December 21.—Marlborough School; dance at Cumnock hall.

December 23.—Leonidas Club; dancing party.

Engagements.

George Curtis de Garmo to Miss Florence M. Jones.

On the Stage and Off



Maxine Elliott

I had seen "The Chinese Honeymoon" here last spring and the memory of John Henshaw and tiny Toby Claude, "who wanted to be a lidy," was still fresh within me; so instead of to the Mason Opera House I repaired to Belasco's last Monday evening to see "A Lady of Quality." The anticipated vision of Amelia Gardner's breezy Clorinda beguiled me, as I tried to summon up reminiscences of Mrs. Burnett's most impossible romantic heroine. But what disappointment was there! Not in Miss Gardner—of course—but in Mrs. Burnett's interminably talky and most lugubrious play. Actually, there is not a happy moment after we have seen the last of Clorinda in boy's breeches and the pale young curate has become hopelessly intoxicated. How we sighed for



the bibulous chaplain after the first act, but neither he nor a touch of other comedy would return to lighten the gloom. And the chaplain, by the by, was the best bit Louis Bishop Hall has yet done here. Thereafter we watched Miss Gardner beat her beasts, which cruel exercise Mrs. Burnett insists on Clorinda's taking frequently, the scowling glint of Tom Oberle's terrible eye as Sir John Oxen, and Agnes Rankin's depressing moans and irrepressible tears as sympathetic Sister Anne. Miss Gardner strove valiantly with an impossible part, but nevertheless the audience would laugh most cruelly at the gravest crises. "A Lady of Quality" should find a perpetual resting place alongside of John Oxen's skeleton (by this time) and should never again be disinterred.

Shakespeare is all too scarce upon our boards today and therefore any kind of a Shakespearean performance is welcome. The performances of "As You Like It," at the Mason Opera House should be well worth seeing. Florence Gale's Rosalind has been highly commended by keen critics.

The future of the Casino is, I understand, still in the air, although papers were all ready last week for the sub-lease by Messrs Wyatt and Morosco to a manager of cheap vaudeville. On the whole, that seems the easiest course. It will eliminate one competitor from the theatrical field, which is very desirable in the light of the business of the last few months. It has dawned upon Manager Wyatt that the population is already plentifully supplied with theaters and I think you can get the balance of his Tivoli Theater stock very cheap—if he has any. Ollie Morosco, I believe, still holds firmly to his hope of a Majestic on Broadway. Of course there will be new theaters here some day—and not so far distant, if in pace with the evergrowing population—and it is well to be first in the field.

The Burbank's temporary abandonment of farce for melodrama has proved entirely satisfactory to the box-office. A very vivid performance of "The Octoroon" is being given this week and elaborate scenery from a Louisiana plantation to a burning steamship are accessories to the crime. It is hard work both for actors and audiences throughout six acts and eight scenes, but, happily, plenty there be who revel therein. Stockwell's negro, Pete, is alone worth the price of admission.

The heroine does gymnastics, mental, moral and physical, at the Grand this week, when up against "The Fatal Wedding." But she does them pretty well, and the scenery is enterprising.

I don't mind telling you a secret, which is, that in my humble opinion, Sidney Drew is a better actor than his more famous brother, John, but perhaps his opportunities have not been as great, nor has he made so good use of them. A rarely delightful piece of acting is to be enjoyed at the Orpheum this week in "When Two Hearts Are One." Would that Mr. Meyerfeld would give us more of such sustenance! Lillian Tyce, "the real Irish girl," pleases the house and Webb's seals are fairly intelligent.

Hazard's Pavilion

Fifth and Olive Sts.

Management Blanchard & Venter

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16th

THE APOLLO CLUB

In the Great

"Oratorio of the Messiah"

By R. HARRY BARNHARDT, Director

Chorus of 500 voices

Orchestra 60 Pieces

Four Great Soloists.

POPULAR PRICES—50c, 75c and \$1.00. All seats reserved.

Reserved Seat Sale Opens at Bartlett's Music Store,
Blanchard Building, Broadway, on Monday,
December 6th at 9 a. m.

Casino Theatre

344 S. Spring St.

Phones:
525

Week Commencing SUNDAY MATINEE, December 11
With Bargain Matinee Saturday, December 17.

OLLIE MACK and JOE W. SPEARS.

Present the Big Fun Crowd

GALLAGHER & BARRETT

In the Ever Popular Success

"FINNIGAN'S BALL"

Some Singing. Some Dancing. Some Nonsense. All Fun
and Gorgeous Costumes. 25 people. Mostly girls.

Sale of Seats Opens Thursday, Dec. 8, at 9 a. m.

Popular Prices—25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees Entire Orchestra 25c. Balcony, Adults, 25c; Children 10c.

Belasco Theatre

Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors
Main Street bet. Third and Fourth
Phones: Sunset 8380; Home 267

Tonight and Tomorrow Night—Last two Times—The Belasco
Theatre Stock Company in

"A Lady of Quality"

Commencing Monday Night, Dec. 12

The Starling American Drama of Modern Life
in New York,

"The Great Diamond Robbery"

By A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crynkle)
and Edw. M. Alfriend

All the Favorites of the BELASCO COMPANY
in the Cast.

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75. Thursday
and Saturday matinees, 25, 35 and 50

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT,
Lessee and Manager

THREE NIGHTS AND SATURDAY MATINEE

Starting Thursday, December 8th

Messrs. KANE SHIPMAN and COLVIN, N. Y. Theatre
— Present —

FLORENCE GALE

and excellent Shakespearean company

—In the Comedy of—

"As You Like It"

Seats on Sale Monday at 9 a.m.

Tels. 70

Morosco's Burbank Theatre

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager.

**MATINEE
TODAY!**

Sixth and Main Sts
**PERFORMANCE
TONIGHT!**

LAST TIMES OF "THE OCTOROON"

Week Starting Tomorrow (Sunday Matinee)

ALL WEEK—Saturday Matinee

Miss Grace Reals

AND THE

Burbank Stock Company

In Rider Haggard's Wonderful Romance

"SHE"

All the Favorites in the Cast. A magnificent production complete in every detail.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday--25c--No Higher!

Evening Prices never change, 15c, 25c, 35, 50c.

Phones: Main 1270, Home 1270

Orpheum SPRING STREET

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MODERN VAUDEVILLE

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Matinees Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday.

SAM ELTON, "The Man Who Made the Shah Laugh."

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CHARLES B. DILLINGHAM presents

Maxine Elliott

In the CLYDE FITCH Comedy

"Her Own Way"

Seats Now On Sale. Prices \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. and 50c.

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The death of Madame Fanny Janauschek removes a woman whose equal for dramatic virility of impersonation is seldom found. She could be intense without resorting to rant and her magnetism, when in her prime, was worthy of Sara Siddons herself. An old acquaintance tells a good story about the great actress. She had a husband a French Creole named Oscar Pillot and after wasting his wife's money in a shameful manner, he became insane through debauchery and was committed to an asylum. He had been there nearly seven years when the Madame took a trip back to Bohemia and spent the summer there, returning to New York in time for the opening of the fall season. She was met by Nat Childs, her business agent for the previous ten years, who took her to a hotel. After telling her of several engagements he had made for her during her absence, he paused and she took up the line of conversation.

"Well, Mr. Childs, has anything strange happened during my absence?"

"Yes, you remember Mr. Jarrett, of Jarrett & Palmer—he died about three weeks ago."

"Good heavens, is that so?" cried the Madame.

"Yes and there was our old friend, W. Elisha Briggs of Boston, he died on the day following the death of Mr. Jarrett," said Childs.

"Good heavens! Can that be possible?"

"Yes, and Mr. Hooley, our good friend in Chicago, he died last week, also."

"Mein Gott in himmel!" cried the great actress, "everybody dies—that is, everybody but Pillot!"

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason—Maxine Elliott, who has scored a record-breaking success in Clyde Fitch's play "Her Own Way," will commence a week's engagement Monday evening. Maxine Elliott is not only "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," but a most able actress besides. Manager Dillingham sends a strong company in support.

Morosco's Burbank—Next week a revival of Rider Haggard's magical "She." Grace Reals who scored a distinct success here during a brief engagement last summer with the old stock company is to be "She."

Belasco's—"The Greatest Diamond Robbery" promises more variety for the versatile stock company. It is billed as "the greatest of all Gotham plays"—whatever that may mean.

Orpheum—Sam Elton, "the man who made the Shah laugh," does things to crockery and eggs next week. Marguerite Le Roy, late prima donna of the French Opera Company of New Orleans, accompanied by Signor Ricci, a violinist of note, will make their first appearance here. The Josselin Trio with "Pictures in the Air" and Clement De Lion, a billiard ball manipulator, will present other new features. The Sidney Drews remain another week.

Grand—"The Show Girl," which frankly calls itself "musical tomfoolery" begins a week's engagement Sunday afternoon. Hilda Thomas heads a numerous and well equipped company.



Photo by Coules

Clare Northup

Miss Clare Northup has returned to Los Angeles from an extended Eastern trip. She will be heard this winter with the Immanuel Church choir and in concert work, her church position having been held open for her while she was in the East.

Miss Northup possesses a splendid soprano voice and has a bright future in the musical world. She was educated in New York, studying there for several years under the best teachers. Last season she made a decided hit when singing with the Symphony and her other concert engagements were many and decidedly successful. The esteem in which she is held by the Immanuel people is shown by the fact that her position was held open for several months, although there were meanwhile applicants in profusion for the place. Miss Northup is a quiet, rather reticent and retiring young lady but her personal qualities as well as her fine voice have made her a wide circle of friends.

In the Musical World

The Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, Rain-Makers in Extraordinary to their Royal and Imperial Majesties the Sovereign People of Southern California!

Hatfield? Pooh! Franklin? Bah! with all apologies, of course, to dear old Gilbert and Sullivan.

Do you know, the thing that always gets me is the way in which the average business man will burst his belly-band in order to capture a Psyche-Greco Man-Milliners' Convention—a giddily exotic body which, at best, can only turn in a few drossic simoleons to Messrs. Potter and Bilicke (who are already passing rich) and Messrs Other Hotelmen, who don't begin to need them as do you and I—even the while he sits him down and calmly lets pass by, unheeded and unhelped, the one power that can surely and swiftly bring down the rain upon the whole just and unjust of our beauteous Southern land—the rain that be-flowers every patch of earth from Trampand to Trustland; the rain through which we gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles. (Well, perhaps not quite that much, as yet—but we will, if good old Luther Burbank holds out).

Why look we to the house tops, saying mournfully, "Ah, me! the Telegraphic Moisture Man is dried up"? Why send we skyward foul-smelling compounds, and lament unceasingly, "The clouds gather not; there is no rain"? Oh, the folly of it!

Listen. Seek ye out Lenuel the Behymerite—there is only one Jupiter Pluvius, and Len is his Prophet—and closet with him Harlijah the Hamilite, Chief Fauceter. Have ready your gold, and say unto them, "Name your day, as soon as you may, bring forth your men, two score and ten—how much?"

And the good Prophet will say, "For six thousand shekels of silver there shall be eight great rains; and for so much the more, there shall be more

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also." Then, if ye are wise, ye will forthwith make sure the great thing that may be, and Harlijah shall go out communing with the stars.

And this is the only criticism of last Friday's concert that I can give; for indisposition kept me away. So you see that if the notice is in any way different from those of the daily press, it cannot well be helped.

You have read all about it, anyway, and so have I. It was perfect, and it might have been better. The men played as if they had practised together in the same cradle from babyhood, and more rehearsal would have helped much. Miss Glose's higher tones had all the intensely passionate thrill of the ecstatically emotional soul, and they were rather hard and unsympathetic. Miss Jordan—well, I really forget about Miss Jordan; but I am sure she was all delightful, seeing that she knows no lesser thing. Chaminade's orchestration, too, was ever so many opposite things at one and the same time—when really, I suppose, the poor woman never wrote a note of it herself. And so wags the world of musical criticism, my masters!

Whenever and wherever the name of Ovide Musin is mentioned there is of necessity the instant admission of his three claims to violinistic greatness—his lovely tone, his ultra-delicacy, and his superb command of spectacular work. The first in order is, of course, the golden gift beside which all else is

as dross. The second may be overdone, perhaps, but one dare risk that, and much more, if only for the sheer delight of the all too-infrequent thrill. The third too often runs to mere trickery—to the deluding of the unknowing, in that it looks exceedingly difficult and may be as easy as a glissando scale on the piano. Combined, they form an invincible trio in the conquering of a provincial audience, and no one knows that better than Mr. Musin.

But, with all their charm and all their power for enthrallment, true violin greatness is yet very far off; and it is precisely because Mr. Musin does not meet the higher needs that he is not, and cannot be, in the front rank.

But it were absurd to suppose that these considerations could be manifest to the tremendous audience of Tuesday evening. The lion of the hour, it was impossible to have enough of him, generous as was the violinist in his response to the encores. That I personally found a large measure of enjoyment I am quite free to admit, and I imagine that, after all, that is what we mostly hunger for.

Of the assisting artists two warmly commendatory things can be said, and that is all. Marion Green, styling himself a basso-cantante, displayed a really fine, frank, manly tone that was as refreshing as it was unusual in these days of plum-duff and mush-in-the-mouth style. Young Green stands up and talks his songs to you in the sterling old Santley fashion, and with the same untroubledness regarding breath, and all the bellows thereof, as distinguished the greatest baritone the world ever knew. Range has no terrors for Mr. Green, either, his upper tones sailing out like birds on the wing; and, as for climax, he is there at the appointed time and there is no shortage of goods. This young singer is quite on the cards for the future and deserves to turn aces where aces are always high.

Guillaume Koenig gave a splendid series of object lessons in the art of accompanying—and I hope all the accompanists of the city heard him. His pianissimo is a dream—full, rich, deep, yet as delicate as the tone-flutter of the humming bird's wing. His climax is everything it should be—there on the dot, big, bold, amply filled up, vibrant—and gone again, so that the solo tone stands clear, intensified and magnetized by the momentary stimulus.

But, as a soloist, Mr. Koenig has nothing to proffer save a neat tripping touch which would stand him in good stead in pieces of the tarantella order. His Chopin was about as hard and heartless as anything I ever heard—but then Chopin is a disease, anyway, and perhaps Mr. Koenig is still too sane and too healthy to hold any converse with the microbe. Heavens! Is there nothing in the world that will stave off this eternal Polonaise in A flat? I am as thoroughly sick of it as I am of "the Rosary" and the "Samson and Delilah" aria.

As an exponent of the upper chest system of breathing Mrs. Grace Whistler Misick must, in common with Miss Estelle Liebling of Sousa memory, be accounted a distinct success. The *modus operandi* is not exactly beautiful to look upon, but I presume it has its advantages. What they are I do not even pretend to guess, but we must perforce assume their existence.

Nevertheless, if a singer does not "fetch" her audience there must be a findable reason somewhere

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—and the reason in this case is triple-headed. Mrs. Misick errs in her choice of songs, in her breathing and in her dress. She has a beautiful voice—far from wisely used, but yet beautiful—and sterling success lies close to her hand if she will but grasp it.

FREDERICK STEVENSON.

Notes.

Harry Clifford Lott gives the second of the Rogers-Lott course of chamber concerts in the form of a song recital at the Dobinson Auditorium next Thursday evening. Included in the program are the Liza Lehman song cycle of five Greek love songs and a fine roster of the strongly representative works of Franz, Jensen, Brahms, Loewe, Purcell, Gilbert and Arthur Foote. Our leading baritone, and rejoicing in a broad eclecticism, Mr. Lott is sure of a brilliant audience.

Miss Lydia Gross gives her postponed concert at the Simpson Auditorium next Tuesday evening. The fair young vocalist has a charming selection programmed, Mr. Jennison supplying variety in the shape of cello solos from the pens of Boccherini, Max Bruch and Goltermann. Miss Blanche Rogers is down for the accompaniments; but what will become of the Ellis club meanwhile?

The pupils of the Freeze Conservatory of Music will give their eighth concert this (Friday) evening at the Freeze hall, 624 West Tenth street. The pupils who will participate include the Misses Powers, Mamie Adamson, Edna Appleton, Emma Freeze, Hazel Wilson, J. Evelyn Lutes, Gertrude Cary, Mrs. Fanny Fern Burford and Mr. T. Hagaman. The bed-chamber scene from "Othello" will also be given with Richard Sloane as Othello, Mrs. Blanche Turner as Desdemona and Miss R. Farrell as Emilia.

The Apollo club presentation of "The Messiah," under the direction of Harry Barnhart, is fixed for Friday evening next at the Temple auditorium. The soloists are Miss Helen Buckley and John W. Lince of Chicago, Miss Una Fairweather of San Francisco and Spencer Robinson, our own tenor. It is announced that there will be 500 in the chorus, fifty in the orchestra, and a specially installed organ to enhance the effect. Popular prices are to prevail in all parts of the house.

The Symphony Orchestra seat sale for the second concert opens at the Mason on the 19th. Two thousand dollars is still needed, but that should present no difficulty.

Miss Elizabeth Jordan's concert at the Dobinson auditorium on Tuesday, December 20, assisted by Mr. Krauss, holds out large promise of real artistic worth. Seats at 230 South Spring street on Thursday next.

The Los Angeles Choral Society's "Messiah," with 250 in the chorus and an orchestra of forty, under the direction of Mr. Jahn, at Simpson auditorium, December 26. The soloists are to be Mrs. Collette, Miss Katherine Ward, of Canada, Johann Haae Zinck and Max Heinrich. Seats are now on sale at 230 South Spring street.

Coming:—Paderewski, (Dec. 30); Creatore, (February); De Pachmann, Melba, Galski, Sembrich, Ternina, Bispham, De Reske, Caruso, Dippel, Damrosch and his orchestra, Kneisel Quartet, Kreisler, Vecsey and others.

Financial

OIL

Field developments within the past two weeks have caused a feeling of despair among oil men, but there will be no improvement in the price for a considerable time to come. No sooner is it announced that the production in the Kern River field for the present year will show a shrinkage of about two million barrels (which statement is a fact by the way) than news comes from Santa Maria that several more tremendous gushers have been brought in, which threaten to flood the market. As the production in the local Los Angeles field gradually dropped off until it gave signs of playing out entirely, some restless spirits in the shape of oil men were "spearing around" in the Western field, and uncovered enough oil land to more than make up for the loss in the local field. The fact is the local field will show a shrinkage of about 40 per cent for the present year and the Salt Lake field in the west end will show more than that amount in increase.

But after all there is not so much cause for uneasiness. If there has been a large increase in some districts, there is the corresponding decrease in others, and the demand is slowly but surely growing. Taking the Kern River field in connection with the coast district and the Southern fields, and the output will be shown to remain about stationary, one offsetting the other; and the real increase will be found to be at Coalinga, all of which, however, is being taken care of.

The oil industry, while a great thing in itself must be considered a basic industry, on which and

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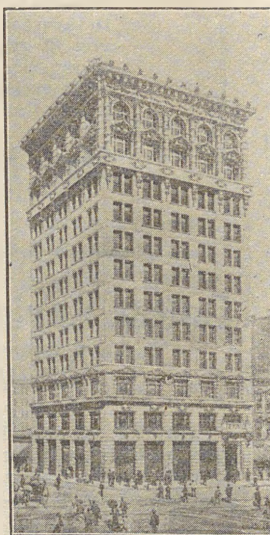
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by which other industries must eventually be built up. The lack of faith in permanency of supply has no doubt held back capital and prevented manufacturing interests from coming to the Pacific Coast.

The best fuel and the cheapest fuel on earth is

California oil, and why manufacturing interests have not been drawn here is a mystery, unless it is due, as stated above, to scepticism as to supply. No one need now be in doubt on this point, and yet large bodies move slowly and it is not the matter of hours, or days, or months, but sometimes of years, in getting large enterprises started.

Why, while we are on the subject, should not cotton mills pay on this coast as well as in New England, when the best cotton raised in the United States is that grown in Texas, at our very door, one might say? Why would not woolen mills be a paying investment, when sheep by the thousands are raised on our hills and in our valleys?

The question of fuel must be the main factor, and with oil at one dollar per barrel, it is cheaper by one-half than coal. Oil at fifty cents per barrel is the equivalent of coal at one dollar and a half a ton. If Russia and Japan paid no more than that for coal, their fleets could be maintained for years instead of months.

These things are bound to come to this coast. The Pacific is to be the future commercial highway of the world. The trade with the far East will pass (much of it) through California. Manufacturers will see some day the advantage of saving a three thousand mile haul across this continent.

This may, of course, be taking a rather long distance view of things, but it is true nevertheless, and after all, a matter of ten, fifteen, or even twenty years is nothing. Oil men now in the business will some day be receiving one dollar a barrel for oil at the wells—will probably be howling for a dollar and a half.

B.

NOTES

The Union Bank and Trust company of Phoenix, Arizona, is open for business. The bank is located in the Nicholson block at 32 N. Center street. The quarters have been equipped with new, convenient and attractive fixtures. The cashier of the new bank is J. L. McDowell and the officers and directors are as follows: W. F. Nichols, president; Dr. J. M. Swetnam, vice-president; Geo. H. N. Luhrs, treasurer; D. Nicholson, auditor; F. L. Blumer, secretary; A. J. Edwards, attorney; Harry Kay, director.

National Bank Examiner Charles E. Knight has been going the rounds of Southern California.

Bonds

At a recent meeting of the directors of Hotel Potter Co., it was decided to hold a meeting of the stockholders February 6, at 10 a. m., at which the matter of a bond issue of \$200,000 will be considered.

The Los Angeles Board of Education has decided to ask for \$40,000 in bonds to further the scheme for the truant school. A meeting of the Juvenile Court Commission resulted in this decision.

Santa Paula is considering the proposition to issue bonds to build a city hall and other improvements.

Notice is given that a bond election will be held in Orange county January 7th to vote on an issue of \$50,000 for water system, \$15,000 for electric light and power plant and \$10,000 for city hall.

A big block of San Pedro bonds offered on the Boston market by N. W. Harris & Co., is meeting

with good demand. The bonds are 5 per cent issues maturing in installments from November 1, 1908 to 1924 and sell at 108 5-8 with accrued interest. Several lots of California issues including Alhambra school district fours, Mill Valley fives and Mayfield fives have been well sold up.

National City has organized a Board of Trade and has recommended a bond issue of \$5,000 for the purchase of a tract for a city park, half of which amount is for the purchase and the balance to improve the property.

The Idylwild Mountain Resort Company will create a bonded indebtedness of \$75,000 for purpose of paying off the indebtedness on the property and for purchasing land and improving. The bonds will bear 8 per cent interest.

The Redondo Board of Trustees has received a petition requesting that they call a special bond election for sewers and city hall, the former for \$50,000 and the latter for \$15,000.

The \$65,000 issue of Pasadena school bonds voted by the district last fall have been approved by the attorneys for the eastern purchasers.

National City and Chula Vista, San Diego county, are moving for consolidation for purchase and public ownership of the Sweetwater dam and its tributary water system. The object is to develop water for irrigation under municipal control.

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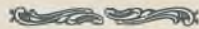
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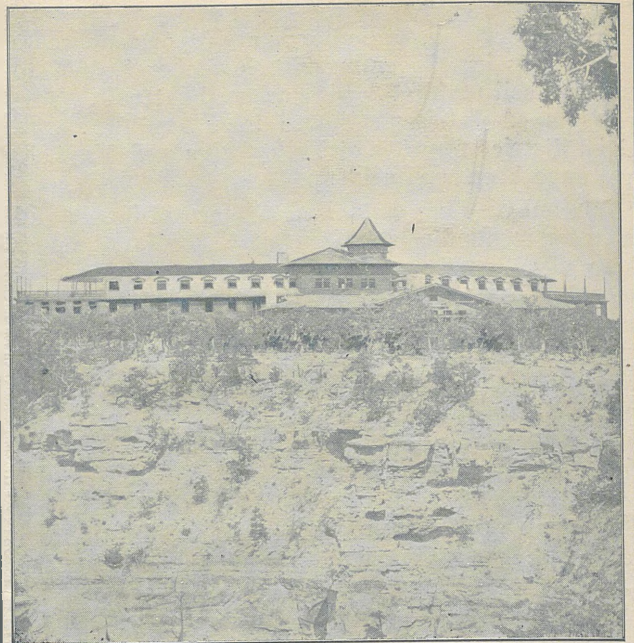
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